The Occasion was One of a Series of Mon-Meetings, and a Hundred Fashlana ble Women Listened, Deeply Impress

A strolling gypsy turned into a Methodist preacher is a strange enough figure. But then that gypsy Methodist stands up in a litth avenue drawing room and for an hour and a half holds the breathless attention of a hundred fashionable women, moving them to alternate tears and laughter. It is indeed a rare

such was the scene, however, which was witnessed yesterday morning in the house of Mrs J. Tallman Pyle. A rather young and, in a brown, gyrsy fashion, bandsome man stood up in a luxurious apartment and told the story of his life to a gathering of wealthy and fashtoroble but earnest, women. It was not the first time he had talked to them. For several successive Monday mornings he has met them in particular, their responsibilities and duties and opportunities.

There were fully a hundred women present when Gypsy Smith, as he is known, entered the room. Never did so many New York women appear to a greater advantage. There was none of the strident chatter of a reception, and, on the other hand, there was not the funereal hush and oppression of an ordinary cautch service. There was a charming kindliness, a sweet seriousness in the faces and the manner of those present which, with the general air of refinement and elegance, made an effect which was irresistibly winning.

'Let us try to sing No. 57." said the evangelist. And these women, who would seem more at home, according to popular theory. in an opera box gossiping through the most magnificent ariss, opened to "Trusting Jesus,

I have been asked," said the gypsy speaker. "to tell you something about my life." There was a murmur of pleased assent to this, and the audience settled comfortably into the seats and scanned the face before them.

this, and the audience settled comfortably into the scats and scanned the face before them. It was unmistakably a gypsy one. The hair was coal black and slightly wavy; the eyes were well nigh black; the nose straight; a curving moustache shaded the mouth, and every feature, as well as the swarthy complexion, bore unmistakable evidence to the homany origin of Rodney Smith. He had a strange tale to relate.

'In the first place," he said, "I must say something about the gypsies as a people. Very little has been written of them and that little has seen by outsiders who were unable to get at the real point of view. There are about eight or nine millions of gypsies, and they are a people without Bibles, without books, without churches, without teachers. No effort has been made to Christianize or educate them. They are not skepties, for they believe that there is a God who will reward the good and punish the wicked. That is the whole of their religion. Their morals are not bad. They are not murderers, or house breakers, or highway robbers. They pilfer small things. If they came across your field of potatoes they would take enough for their dinnerne more. They know they will find another field further on," he added with a smile.

'Their chiof faults are swearing and lying. They are paid to lie. Who is it pays them? Why, it is you educated, wealthy people! I do not mean you personally, here in this room, but the people of wealth and education in general. No sooner do they eatch sight of a gypsy woman than land the speaker made a significant motion across his palm) she is paid to lie. I have asked ladies why they do this, and they say, For fun' Tell me, is it worthy et you to endanger a human soul 'for fun'? What if it is 'only a gypsy.' Any one can a 'Swith.' if only a bigeismith, but not

and they say. For fun." Tell me, is it worthy of you to endanger a human soul 'for fun'? What if it is 'only a gypsy!' Are they not worth saving?

"I am proud of being a gypsy. Any one can be a 'Smith,' if only a blacksmith, but not every one is a gypsy. My father was a dealer in horses. We travelled through England, living in our wagon or in a tent, and my father iought and sold horses as we went. He did set 'find' them," he said, with a laugh and a shake of the head. "The gypsles are said to be good 'finders,' but my father was honest. Once, as we were going through Herefordshire, my oldest sister was taken slek, and my father stopped in front of a doctor's house, and, going to the door, asked the doctor to come out and see her. Well, we were only 'gypsies,' so he stood on his doorstep and he made them bring my sister to him. As soon as he saw her he said to my father:

"Your daughter has the small-pox! You are gypsies, and you cannot remain here. There is a long lane out of the town, used only con-

repsies, and you cannot remain hero. There is a long lane out of the town, used only occasionally by farmers driving to and from their fields. You may camp there, and I will come and see you.

"We drave to the lane he told us of, and

iteids. You may camp there, and I will come and see you."

"We drove to the lane he told us of, and there, between a great hawthorn hedge on one side and an overhanging wood on the other, my father set up the tent. Then he took the wagon about 200 yards further down the lane, turned it with its face toward the tent, and that was the sick room. He stayed there with my sick sister, and my mother remained with the rest of us at the tent. In a few days my brother was also sent to the wagon. Every day my mother went to the village for supplies, and, returning, would take part of them half way to the wagon and leave them on the ground. Then my father would come and get them. One day she went a little too near, and in a little while she, too, went to the wagon. "My father then moved the wagon up to the tent so that he could care for us all. Finally a day came when my mother said that she knew she must die." Policy said my father to her, 'pray!"

ay came when he must die.
"'Polly,' said my father to her. 'pray!'
"'I do try to,' she said, 'and I guess God will hear me."
"My father went out and threw himself on the ground between the wheels, and lay there sobbing. And while he lay there he heard my mother singing:

I have a Father in the promised land;
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.

"She said that she had followed some chil-drea into a church once when she was a little gir, and she had heard them sing this song. I believe the Holy Spirit brought it back to her memory that night.

believe the Holy Spirit brought it back to her memory that right.

"In the morning I was out in the lane when my sister put her head out between the curtains of the wagon and called to me:
"Mether's dead!"

"Well, If any of you have lost your mother, perhaps you can enter into the feelings of even a 25 per toy. Many a time since then, when I have seen methers, proud of their boys, comforting them in sorrow, counselling them in treathe, I have left that I would give the whole wide work to toel my mother's arms around my neck for just hee minutes. We buried her that night at nightlight. She was only a gyjsy woman, so could not be buried in the daytime. The months dragged on, and my father, who had premised mother to be careful of his healts, was true to his promise. But he was changed in otherways. He would sit over the fire on the dirt floor of the text and sob for a long time after we children had gone to bed. He would talk to binned, put his heart and say:

"What makes this burden here? Why am I alwars, wanting something? What is it I want?"

"I told my brothers and sisters that father

"What makes this burden here? Why am I always wanting something? What is it I want?"

"I told my brothers and sisters that father was going to lose his mind. I was sure something was the matter with him. At least, one day as we were leaving the village of Lewton, in Bedfordshire, we saw two grysy wagons coming over a bill. We hurried to meet them, and to our astenishment found that they were necupied by my isther's two brothers and their families. Father told them all that had happened to him, and then, as we sat down on the grassy bank, he said:

"The loss of my wife has been a great sorrow to me, but I have one that is still greater." What is that;" asked his brothers.

What is that;" asked his brothers,
"Why, I have such a burden here," placing
is bands on his breast, "I want—I don't
now what! I am always hungry for some-

thing."
"To you feel that?" asked his brothers in survise. "It is strange, but that is the way we have felt for months."
"Now can you tell me," said the evangelist.
"Why these three uneducated men had all this way these three uneducated men had all this."

Now can you tell me," said the evangelist, why these three uneducated men had all this time been oppressed with this thirst for the Infinite? I can, It was the Holy spirit again. They discussed what should be done and decided to go to London. There they camped with their vone on a vacant building lot, and my father at once started out to find some one with could help him. An old man was sweeping the streets in front of the lot, Father, who was hungry for human as well as divine or apply accessed him, and with tears in his eyes told him what was the trouble.

"What is it I want?" he issked.

"What is it I want?" he issked.

"What is it of the converted." said the old man, who happened to be a church member. I am going to praise meeting to-night, and you must go with mo.

"The hight the cold streetsweeper came for father and his brothers, and as father went out of the wagon he said: 'tood night, my dears.' I'll never come home till I get converted."

"Who's he?' said I. I diin't know who converted' was. Had never heard the word in my life. As father started off I turned to hay astor. Didn't I tell you? I said. Hos soins to lose his mind. I'll watch him.'

I slipped oif my boots and followed them to the prayer meeting where I got behind the door and watched to see what they did with my father. I could not see him for a long time, because he was skneeling down, but at last he jumped up, shouting: I'm converted! Talk at out the lame man leading at the porch of the temple! My father had a good pair of legs to start with, and I never saw a man so excited. I picked up my cap and ran home as fast as I could, and when father came we were alread to go near him; we didn't know what converted was. At last he made us understand we could hardly siege that night for singing the songs inher had picked up at the parent and a good ran of legs to start with, and I never saw a man so excited. I picked up my cap and ran home as fast as I could, and when father came we were

I was converted myself. I used to go to prayey meeting, but every time father prayed for me by name I hunted for my cap and ran away. But at last, one night all by myself, sitting on a fallen tree, under the starry sky, I gave myself to thrist, and He accepted me."

"Then I wanted to work for Him. I wanted to preach. I was a likely person to make a ireacher! Why, I couldn't write my own name. I well remember my first reading loscon. I was on the street and I saw a huge sign, with great gilt leiters on a red ground. A lady came along the street and I saw a huge sign, with great gilt leiters on a red ground. A lady came along the street, and as she cane up I pulled off my cap and said: Please would you read that sign to me? Well she did. She read it, told me all about the words and lettors, and did it so sweetly that she took away all my embarrassment. And I want to tell you ladies, this morning that kindness will cost you very little, and will carry a greater blessing than rou dream of.

Not long after my conversion I went up to a large mission in London. There was an all-day meeting, and in the evening the leader, who knew of my desire to be a preacher, said, after the first addresses: The next speaker will be the gypsy boy. He saw I was frightened, so he asked me to sing something litst, which I was glad enough to do. Then a good old brother, sitting near me, said:

"Keep up your heart, youngster."

"It's in my mouth, sir, said I, thinking he need not tell me to keep it up. I said a few words and sat down. After the meeting the leader same to me.

"Would you like to be an evangelist? he asked.

"An e—a what?" said I, for I had never hear the word before

An e- a what? said I, for I had never

ear the word before.
"An evangelist," said he.
"Do you think I can? I asked.

"An evangelist, said he.
"Yes, said he.
"Yes, said he.
"Yes, said he.
"Well, you know more about the business than I do, said I, and you must be the judge,"
"Then he explained and I went home in triumph. I was to be a preacher! The whole family looked at me with awe and pride. I looked at myself, too. I had on a pair of cerdurey trousers, a brown velveteen coat with white bear buttons, a yellow sik neckerchief, and a big slouch hat. I thought there must be a change if I were to be a breacher, so I hought a suit of clothes which I actually made the shorkeeper deliver to my grysy tent, so proud was I of my destiny as a preacher. Then I had to leave home. I hade good-by to the wagon, my friends, my free roving life, and went to live with a family connected with the mission. For the first time in my life I ate at a table, used knife and fork, slept in a bed, and washed at a washstand. I made many judierous mistakes. I thought the napkin at my plate was for a handkerchief, I was afraid of the bed's giving way, and diin't know about the soap. But I tried to be matural. Let me tell you, that is the only true course. Just as soon as you be in to spe others you grow weak." Well. I improved. I know how to sit at a

ral. Let me tell you, that is the only true course. Justassoon as you begin to ape others you grow weak.

"Well, I improved. I know how to sit at a table now. And I learned to read, too. For a long time I confined myself to three books, a lible. a Bible dictionary, and an English dictionary. Even before I could read a word. I used to open the Bible I had bought, and, propping myself on my chows, gaze at its pages. And I used to pray: 'Oh food! I cannot read these words, but wilt Thou give me the spirit of them?' And I think He did.

"Even when I began to preach I was not very far advanced. Sometimes there would be a dozon words in as many verses which I could not pronounce. Finally I hit upon this expedient. I draw a nend! Irom the word out to the margin, and there made a cross. When I reached one of these crosses I always stopped and made a few remarks about what I had just read, and then went on, beginning beyond the troublesome word."

Gypsy Smith closed by asking them to pray for his neglected people. A missionary wagen is huilding now and in the spring it will begin a tour of England to carry the Gospel to the wandering gypsy tribes throughout the kingdom.

Before the strange meeting came to an end.

dom.

Before the strange meeting came to an end, one of the ladies present rose and with tears in her eyes told of her own conversion, and begged of those present to escape from a captivity to mere frivolous pleasure and to turn to earnest, helpful work.

A LOVING CUP FOR PAUL DU CHAILLU.

Presented by the Officers of the American

Geographical Society. ____.
Paul B. Du Chaillu has had many honors from geographical and scientific societies in England, Germany, and France, but has had small attention or recognition in this country. He was the first white man in the Christian era to kill the gorilla, the first except Bontell, over 200 years ago, to see the dwarf race, and the first to discover and describe the great were discredited and laughed at until later travellers went where he had been and found that he had told the truth. Then he had the misfortune to see the credit and the fame which should have been his pass in a large measure to others.

But he was most neglected in the country of his adoption. It was because of this that the officers and the council of the American Geographical Society presented him yesterday with an inscribed loving cup. They felt that some sort of public recognition of what he did so bravely and so honestly twenty-five years ago should be made and should go upon record. A subscription was started and yesterday, as a result of this, a handsome silver cup stood upon a table in the society's rooms at 11 West Twenty-ninth street, underneath a fine full-length portrait of Du Chaillu, painted by a young American woman, Airs. Congor, and presented by her to the society. Only the officers of the society were invited, and there ine full-length portrait of Du Chaillu, painted by a young American woman. Mrs. Conger, and presented by her to the society. Only the officers of the society were invited, and there were among the score of persons present the law. Dr. Philip Schoff, the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, Mrs. Conger, Mr. John A. Hadden, Gen. Viele, Mr. James W. Bell, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, Mr. Henry Parrish, Mr. O. R. Potter, Mr. Istor W. Rissell, and Mr. Isidore Bernheimer.

Ex-Chief Judge Daly, the life-long friend of Du Chaillu and the first man to give him encouragemen when he, a boy of nineteen, came back from Africa with the wonderful true stories which no one then believed, made the presentation speech. He told how Carthagenians had made voyages to the Senegambian coast before the Christian era and had brought back stories of dwarfs and of gorillas which were dishelteved for 2.000 years, and were not established until Du Chaillu, starting from his father's factory at the month of the river (raborn, and an example of the law of the particular of the law of th

SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS SMUGGLING. Carried Her Household Goods Under Her Clothing-Tourists with \$1.50 Apiece.

Mam'selle Heloise Aumont of Lyons, who landed at Ellis Island yesterday, took a deal of trouble to bring a lot of undutiable things

into the country. Her bulkiness attracted one of the women inspectors at the island, and mam'selle was taken into a private room and reduced to her normal proportions, which are lissome and graceful. She had thirty speels of thread, several packages of cigarettes (for her male

graceful. She had thirty speels of thread, several packages of cigarettes (for her male relatives in Paterson), a lot of hairpins and stockings, and other articles of dress bound around her waist and sewed to her underskirt. She tearfully said that her mother in Lyons had told her that everything anybody brought to America was dutiable, and the best way to evade the duty was by concealing all she could, she was much relieved to learn that she had not violated the customs laws, aithough she had atteined to hide was a legitimate part of her household goods, and not dutiable.

Domiano Coletta, an Italian immigrant on La Gascogne, had 108 gold and silver watches of Swiss make in his trunk. He didn't try to smuggle them. He said he expected to pay duty and to set up his son, who lives at 101 Washington street, in the lewelry business.

Nine Italian-speaking Dalmetians who arrived on La Gascogne described themselves to the registry cierks as tourists, and protested against being letained. Each man said he had between \$30 and \$100, and that he intended to travel in America about ten days and then go back to Dalmatia. A rigid examination of the alleged tourists revealed that they had less than \$1.50 apice, and the near they were detained for examination to-day.

DANCED THE MAGYAR DANCE

GYPSY MURIC AND THE CRARDAS AT THE HUNGARIAN BALL.

the Welrd Measures of Their Native Dance - A Novel Scene for New York Eyes. Of all the dancing that has flushed fair faces his winter, of all the music that has fired the blood and sent the feet a-twinkling on the polished floor, of all the eyes that have looked nto eyes until eyes closed with fatigue, no combination of dancing and music and eyes was more delightful or more inspiring than that which graced the ball of the Hungarian women on Sunday night. The music of the Magyar gypeles has immortalized itself, but the dance of the Csardas is beyond the power of descriptive art. This ball was given by the Hungarlan Women's Society of New York, a benevolent and social organization comprising the wives and daughters of all the wealthy and influential Hungarians of this city. It took place in the Central Turn Verein hall in East Sixty-seventh street, and lasted from 10 o'clock on Sunday night until 4 o'clock yesterday morning.

There were perhaps 500 women and nearly as many men in the hall at midnight, all dancing. Your true Magyar knows not the embarrassing experience of wall-flowering. Dancing is born in him, and, like a faun, the sound of music sets his feet a-flying. In fact. this one characteristic sums up the men who



were at the ball. in so far as they were different from men of other nationalities. As for the women, they cannot be described so easily. Beautiful hair and beautiful eyes are the heritage of the daughters of Magyar land, even as is their olive skin and their impetuous nature. Of the women who were at this ball, the greater part had brown eyes, and you would have thought them the most beautiful eyes in the world until you had seen the blue ones. But no sconer had your opinion changed than a pair of coal-black orbs, meeting your own, sent all your thoughts scattering, and left your mind bewildered and helpless. It was just so with the hair. You never saw anything so beautiful as the soft. wavy black hair that crowned a hundred heads until your eye caught a glimpse of a mass of tangled gold, losing its outlines above a pair of blue eyes that were wordering what was making you look so stupid. It was unfortunate that the women with the rostest checks and the brightest eyes could speak only the Magyar tongue. Their beauty, however, was the beauty of fresh fields and country life; when they have lived in this city long enough to speak our language, the freshness of their beauty will be gone.

Of the dresses, the reporter, being but a man, can only say that they were very beautiful, that most of them were white, while a great many were clue, and some nile green, and all wore like gossamer, melting to the eye. The Hungarian women rarely flirt, and though they are perfectly frank and very affable to strangers they seem, beside the American women, simple and even childlike. After the mass of tangled gold, losing its outlines above



AN IMPROVISED FIGURE. escardas dance one young woman approached another, who was a total stranger to her, and said in the Hungarian tongue: "You area very graceful dancer. I enjoyed watching you dance." watching you dance."
The other smiled and bowed gracefully, and a long conversation between them then followed. One of the wealthiest Hungarians in this city, seeing a young men looking around the room as if in search of a partner, asked him:

the room as if in search of a partner, asked him:

"Are you looking for a partner?"

"Yes," the young man replied, "but I do not know any of the young ladies."

"Come with me, and I will introduce you to my daughter. If she is engaged she will find a partner for you." He ied the young man to one of the prottlest gids in the room.

A regular programme of waltzes lanclers, polkas, and quadrilies had been arranged, and an orchestra engaged to play for them. There was no more need of placing the esardas on this programme than there would have been to print on it the words. "Ladies and gentlemen will please dance." When the dancers wanted the esardas they would call for it. As an American orchestra could not be expected wanted the csardas they would call for it. As an American orchestra could not be expected to play a csardas, a gypsy band had been provided for that purpose. These gypsies, who play altogether by ear and to whom notes and flats and sharps are so much Choctaw, throw into their execution a vim and five that thrill a man to the heart. There were in this band six violins, one 'cello, one bass viol, and two queer-looking tables covered with stretched wires, upon which a gypsy played with tiny sticks.

six vicilits, one 'cello, one base vio, and wo queer-looking tables covered with the witter of the covered with the surface of the covered with the witter. But it is sticks.

A waltz had just ended, and the dancers were walking slowly to their seats, when the grysy band struck up a slow, monotonous movement. At the first sound a thrill of life went through the roem. Those who had been sitting idle aprang to their feet and cried, nor city in idle aprang to their feet and cried, nor city in idle aprang to their feet and cried, nor city in idle aprang to their feet and cried, nor city in idle aprang to their feet and cried, nor city in idle aprang to their the wan none of the formality of looking for a partner and to her, and said. "Come, the ceardas." And often the woman's feet had began moving before a word had been speken. Those who were walking across the room stopped abruply and; cried in the Magyar language. The csardas at last! Now for the csardas."

Before the music had assumed its full owing, and while the women were tucking away their fans and programmes and anomalism the cardas, and the baliroom was in motion. Each man had laid his hands on his partner's waist, while she rested her hands ingithly on his arm. To the slow monotone of a gypsy air they danced the first movement. They stood in one spot, never raising their feet from the floor, but quivering from head to body. Their faces became serious at him of the dance. An onlookersaw the room full of couples, standing for face to face, hobbing up and down, and treating for the will be a shrill flourish inshed into another movement, wilder and more passionate than the lirer. From that momental semblance of uniformity in the dancing disappeared, and each dancer seemed to follow the caprices of his nature. At man selzed his partner around the walst and whirled around in a circle with dizzy rapidity. In the dancing disappeared, and each dancer seemed to follow the caprices of his nature. At many selections, while he will be a fall of the wall and on their ho

dance, and when the music burst headiong into its most furious measure, soft eveilds drooped, and the dancers whirled around in blind ecatacy. The music stopped, and a hundred panting voices cried: 'Lira! 'Lira!'—Again! Again! The gypsy leader nodded to his men, and in an instant the dance was on again. And how those gypsics played! With compressed lips, and closed eyes, the violinists flashed their bows to and fro like streaks of white lightning, nodding their heads from side to side in time to the ever-clanging melody. The man who thrummed on the wire frames lerked his arms, his legs, and his head as if a flend possessed them, all to the tune of the dance. When the music ended the dancers would have it again, so off it went for the third time. But after that both dancers and musicians were thoroughly fatigued, and, while the orderstraplayed a very tame polks to which nobody danced, they went into the antercoms to rest and quench their thirst with Hungarian wine.

The egardas was danced a dozentimes before

wine.

The candas was danced a dozen times before the ball was over, and each time it seemed to be more enjoyed by the dancers. Of course the waitz and those other dances had to be gone through, but they were tame and color-less beside the glorious esardas.

SHE CAN TELL A DUDE AT SIGHT. A Great Experience in Brooklyn Brought to Bear on New York Specim

This particular Brooklyn girl detests a dada. She lives on the Heights and belongs to the inner circle of Heights society. Her opportunities for observation have been excellent and she has always availed herself of them. The more she observed the greater was her det estation. She prided herself on being an expert, and in unguarded moments has boasted. just a little, of her skill in cataloguing dudes. That is why she felt chagrined about a mistake she made on Fifth avenue last Thursday.

It was early in the afternoon. She was walking up the avenue with a very dear friend. They had an appointment and were walking briskly. At Twenty-eighth street they over-took two persons whom this Brooklyn girl at once set down as dudes of the widest stripe. They were dressed in the most extreme fashion. Their long coats had those funny little welts in the back that emphasize their English make. Their high hats had that dashing French roll of the brim. Their hands were correctly gloved and their feet perfectly shod.
With shoulders carried well back and bodies ever so slightly bent forward at the hips, with

correctly gloved and their feet perfectly shod. With shoulders carried well back and bodies ever so slightly bent forward at the hips, with their arms properly akimbo, and their big clubs carefully carried by the wrong end their outward appearance surely seemed to justify this livooklyn girl's opinion.

They were strapping tig fellows; either one of them might have won fame in the centre of Yale's rush line. They looked as if they could walk leagues just for amusement. That's why the leisurely, indolent way in which they sauntered up the avenue exasperated this Brooklyn girl, whose progress they unknowingly impeded when she was in a hurry.

"See the 'Deah Chollies,' she said to her friend,' swaggering up the avenue to sit in the window of their club and suck the silver end of their sticks while they try to ogle the girls who pass by."

They had crossed Twenty-ninth street and started up the little hill. "I know just what kind of dudes those fellows are." went on this Brooklyn girl. "I'll bet a box of candy I can catalogue them exactly. They inherited a lot of money, and they we been to college and abroad, but they lavent any idea of what to do with themselves or their money. They lead a perfectly useless life, and spend their time blocking their own way, mat as they'rs blocking ours now. They never did athing.

What she might have said was steeped by a scream of fright from un the avenue, and a hoarse shout of "Whoal whoal" that rose over the rumble of wheels on the noisy pavement. Coming down the hill was a beautiful brougham pulled by a spanking nair of cobs at a full run. No coachman was on the box, and the reins were dragging loosely on the ground. A white-faced woman was tugging at the eatch trying to onen the door. The avenue was crowded with all sorts of vehicles whose drivers struggled to get out of the path of the runaway. The snow had been melting rapidly, and the sluxh and mud were awful. The hoofs of the running horses and the fined thought she would faint. As the runaway drew nearly abreast of thes

Allegations Made Against Mrs. Denton by The suit of Frank B. Denton against Sarah L. Denton for absolute divorce was tried vester day before Judge Osborne in Brooklyn. The counte were married nearly twelve years ago. and have two children. Jennie M. Denton. a niece of the plaintiff, gave damaging testimony against Mrs. Denton, she said that Mrs. Denton smoked cigars and drank champagne, and frequently visited Mr. Terwilliger, the co-re-

spondenty visited all. Terwinger, the co-respondent, in his room at her house.

Charles liogers, a waiter at the Long Branch Hotel, also testified to visits made there by the defendant.

Decision was reserved.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE

Bun rises ... 7 11 | Sun sets ... 6 17 | Moon rises BIGH WATER-THIS DA Sandy Hook 6 58 | Gov. Island. 7 04 | Hell Gate. 8 !

Arrived-Monnay, Jan. 80. Arrived-Monday, Jan. 30.

Es Fulda, Thalenborst, Gibraitar,
Se Thingvalia, Laub, Christiansand,
Se Alvens, Hishop, Port Limon,
Se Li and, Higgins, New Oriesina,
Se Coorsett, Austria, Roding,
Se Coorsett, Austria, Hoffson, Havans,
Se Newport, Gonner, Molon,
Se Norman, Weston, Mainness,
Se Newport, Gonner, Molon,
Se Nicotrande, Barstow, Brunswick,
Se Guyandotte, Walker, Norfolk,
Se Wyanoke, Honz, West Point, Ya,
Se Herman Winter, Nickerson, Hoston,
Se Robt, Horrowing, Wisson, Hoston,
Ship in Frances, Wilson, Hoston,
Ship St Frances, Wilson, Kobe,
Bark Gigs, Schultz, Ro Janeiro,
Bark Annie I, Marshall, Parker, Dantzie,
Bark R., Antonio, Galvaul, Hatoum,
Bark Landekrinia, O'Brien, Brissol,
Bark Waledeld, Smith, Sugapore,
[Fee later arrivals see First Page, Fer later arrivals see Pirst Page

Se State of Nebraska, from New York, at Glasgow, Se Tallahassee, from New York, at Savannah, Se Kansas City, from New York, at Savannah, Se Cherokee, from New York, at Savannah, Se H. F. Dimock, from New York, at Boston,

PAILED FROM FORRIGH PORTS. Se Dania, from Hamburg for New York. Se Martello, from Hull for Boston and New York. PAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS.

Es City of Newcastle, from Baltimore for New York,
Es F. W. Bruns, from Baltimore for New York,
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Es Seminale, fram Charleston for New York,
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WILL IT BE PEACE OR WARP

The Black Point on the Mediterranean

Rome, Jan. 16.-Before the bells have well

rung in what we all of us hope, as usual, may e the glad new year, the political horizon of Europe, pronounced on the 1st of January by s chorus of optimistic monarchs, Prime Min isters, and Presidents to be cloudless and seafter a semewhat froward and ominous feshion. The Chancellor of Germany, Caprivi, paying his great predecessor. Bismarck, the sincere homage of Imitation, has startled the Continent by a speech in which he very plumply and plainly informs the friends and the foes allke of Germany, that Germany no longer considers the kingdom of Italy an essential, or even an adequate factor, in that concentration of military power by which Germany intends to consolidate her own position, and with her own position the peace of Europe. The Chancellor's announcement that for Russia "the road to Constantinople now lies brough Berlin" can hardly be misunderstood. Whatever else it may mean, it certainly means return on the part of the young Emperor William to the counsels and the policy, so far as regards Russia, of Bismarck, and a tardy recognition by that somewhat self-reliant oung sovereign, of the practical wisdom of his illustrious grandfather. Almost the last words of William the First, who began his long life as a soldier, marching into France under the allied banners of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, to end it as the bearer of an im perial crown, decreed to him by victorious Germany in the palace of Versailles, were an injunction given to Frederick William the Third, never to quarrel with Russia. Hardly a week after this speech was delivered by Caprivi, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria put a public slight in the palace at Pesth upon the French Ambassador.

The crown of Roumania, worn now by a Prince of the house of Hohenzollern who, less than thirty years ago, on the eye of the Austro-Russian war of 1803, took the advice of Bismarck and slipped down the Danube to Bucharest with his "carpet bag," and down almost to the present moment has been regarded as an obstacle in the path of Russia to the control of the Bosporus, has just been assured to the hereditary Prince, his sucessor, by a marriage with a niece of the Czar. Whatever natural objections England may have felt to a marriage which opens the mouths of the Danube without a blow to the Russian armies, and converts the by no means contemptible military forces of Roumania practically into an advance guard of Russia, were effectually and very skilfully stifled by the fact that this niece of the Czar is also a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. But while a matrimonial alliance with a granddaughter of Queen Victoria has absolutely no political significance of value. England being governed not by a crown, but by a Parliament, a matrimonial alliance with a niece of the Czar therefore has already assumed, since the year 1893 began, an aspect more favorable to the policy and the purposes of Eussia than It has worn at any time since the treaty of Berlin. In that quarter, therefore, the outlook for peace in Europe is certainly less favorable to-day than it was six months, or even two months, ago.

At quite another point, an incident, in itself of no necessarily great importance, has caurred since the new year began which has already by its consequences put the peace of Europe, we will not say into immediate peril, but at the mercy of any one of many. not only possible but probable, diplomatic misunderstandings or military indiscretions. More than a year ago Lord Salisbury said that the question of Morocco might at any moment throw the Eastern question completely into the background. Since this was said France and England have come into diplomatic collision at Fez. with the result of a victory for France attended by something very like an open insult offered to England and of an undenly able injury inflicted on British interests. The lives of the British Envoy, Sir C. Euan Smith. his family and suite, were put into serious peril, aggravated, perhaps, by his own overweening confidence in the power of the British name, to awe the mind. Sir C. Euan Smith took his story home with the news of his diplomatic discomfiture. Lord Rosebery, who is obviously conducting the British Foreign Office on the lines laid down by his predecessor, has not intrusted British interests in Morocco again to Sir Charles Funn Smith, but has missioned Sir West Ridgeway, until now the Unionist Permanent Under Secretary for nd to proceed to Morocco as a specienvoy, assuring the French Government at the same time in reply to a very prompt and somewhat monacing demand as to his real intentions, that the mission of Sir West Hidgoway has no hostile significance to French interests

But before Sir West Ridgeway reached his post a third European power has been auddenly brought to the front in Moroeco. by the unexpected and as yet unexplained arrest at or near Alhucema, a Spanish post on the Mediterranean coast of Morocco, of a Spanish customs officer by some Moorish authority in that region. As a matter of fact the titular sovereign of Morocco at Fez is probably no more responsible for this arrest than the Shall of Persia, and has not much more power to punish the offenders if the arrest is proved to have been lawless and irregular. But the ineldent has given the new Spanish Ministry an excellent opportunity to gratify Spanish pride by a prompt display of Spanish power, and to reaffirm the long-cherished determination of Spain to take a leading hand in the partition of the spoils of the Moorish empire. The chief laurels won in foreign warfare by Spain during many years past have been won in Morocco. The Spanish Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the recently formed Government of Canovas del Castillo, was held by the Duke of Tetuan, a title wen for the head of an Irish family long established in Spain by the capture of Tetuan, one of the half dozen posts on the Moorish coast, over which the Spanish flag already flies, to the permanent irritation of the Moors, who once made themselves the master of Spain, as the English made themselves masters of Ireland, by an invasion in which domestic infidelity and personal treachery played no inconspicuous part. The Marques de Vega y Armijo, the successor of the Duke of Tetuan, obviously could not afford to waste a moment in proving that Spain will submit to no trifling by the Moors with the rights and liberties of Spanish officials on Moorish soil. A powerful Spanish squadron, including two very formidable fronclads, the Pelayo and the Reyna Regente, has been concentrated at Cadiz; the military authorities in Andalusia have been ordered to put two brigades of infantry into marching order; and Spain is ready, not only to avenge any insult offered to her honor, but to take fresh "material guarantees" for the future of Spanish interests in Morocco. This belligerent attitude of Spain, however, is not the most threatening feature of the situation treated by the incident of Alhucema. The English Government is now represented

at Madrid by Sir Drummond Wolff, through whom, it will be remembered, a very remarkable tobacco monopoly was established while he represented England at Teheran, with resuits which last year brought Persia to the very verge of an outright rebellion against the Shah. Sir Drummond Wolff, thanks no doubt in part to his Oriental origin, is an unusually quick-sighted British diplomatist, and under his advice the English Government has been induced to offer its cooperation to Spain. Beset and bewildered as the Ministers of President Carnot now are by the exasperating entanglements of the Panama affair France is not likely to regard this combinafriendly to French pretensions and purposes in Morocco. The appearance of a Spanish squadron in Moorish waters will pretty surely be followed at once by the appearance of a French squadron. Admiral Riennier, the new French Minister of Marine, was the centrai figure, it will be remembered, of the great cosmopolitan naval review which took place at

Genoa last September in honor of the King of Italy; and he is perfectly familiar with value of every man-of-war now affoat in the Mediterranean. The new French Minister of War. Loizillon, is a soldier, and, like his naval colleague, it may be expected that he will urge upon President Carnot the importance of a vigorous foreign policy, as a "derivative" for domestic troubles and political stews. Italy, as a Mediterranean power, cannot look on with Indifference upon the breaking up of the Mooris's empire. Threatened and harassed by foreign interventions, bis scherifilan majesty may prove at a very early day a more troublesome "sick man" even than the Sultan upon the hands o Whatever advantages her reappearance in Morocco as the ally and associate of Spain may appear for the moment to promise to England, it is not probable that in the long run England will find her outlook in Egypt or the prospects of her anti-Russian policy is Turkey materially improved by a collision at the gateway of the Mediterranean with the strongest naval power whose flag flies on the shores of that historic sea.

Once more we advise practical people deeply nterested in the fortunes of the World's Fair at Chicago not to forget that the affairs of the whole world do not yet pivot absolutely upon that great festival of peace.

The New York Etching Cinb.

The etching proofs, some 150 in number that are shown in the corridor of the Academy of Design, in connection with the water color exhibition, represent thirty-four artists in and out of the New York Etching Club.

Mr. Mielatz deserves first mention for his services to this modern and progressive city in discovering and preserving some of the pictu resque beauties that linger hilden from the eves of a bustling community slong our water front and in the almost forgotion by-ways o older down-town New York. The "Castle Garden" that Mr. Michatz has pictured so charmingly, and the "Old Spar Vard, South Street," are of a class of subjects that is disappearing. His "Grand Central Station at Night" reveals unthought of charm in an unlooked for place, and this may be said also of his "Entrange to the Brooklyn Bridge." Mr. Alexander Schilling is another etcher

of strength who has found similarly picturesque material for his needle in the dikes and floods of Holland. Samuel Colman contributes a number of slight but expressive notes from his Algerian and Mexican sketch books. Mr. Carlton Chapman's marines are interesting, but not more so than one or two street seenes that he has done. Peginald Coxe. continues very eleverly to express the light and movement of the sea with a free line, and Miss Blanche Dillayo sends from Philadelphia a delicate little plate, "The Lights of Venice." Mr. Robertson Mygatt has a number of striking plates, firmly and freely drawn, and Mr. Joseph Lauber is interesting in his farm and country scenes. There are two of the remarkable plates of Alphonse Legros, "Death of a Vagabond" and "A Storm," that are worth study. Among the other contributors who

Mrs. J. H. Twachtman, Alden Wier, Kruseman Van Elten, J. C. Nicoll, Thomas R. Manley, Henry Farrer, John M. Falconer, F. S. Church, and Miss Mary Cassatt. The "Publication by the New York Etching Club," Issued in a limited cliffon, is a handsome volume which contains, besides a catalogue of the proofs in this collection, an in-troduction upon "Etching Technically Considered" by Mr. James D. Smillie, together with excellent photogravure portraits and etched examples of the works of Henry Farrer.

sustain the fame of our etchers are Mr. and

Nicoll, Joseph Lauber, and Charles F. W. Reunion of Rutgers Alumni,

President of the club: J. H. Twachtman J. C.

Mielatz.

The New York alumni of Rutgers College held their annual dinner at Delmonico's last night. About 125 graduates in addition to the college glee club were present, and the cheering and the singing of college songs were kept up until nearly midnight. President Austin Scott responded to the toast "Our Col-Austin Scott responded to the toast "Our Col-lege." Other speakers were: The Rev. Wil-liam R. Duryee, "The Faculty"; the Rev. Ed-ward R. Coe, "The Trustees"; the Hon. Henry F. Howland of tale, "Our Sister Colleges"; Tunis G. Bergen, Jr., "The Alumni," Some of those present at the dinner were, Cortlandt Parker, who occupied the chair, W. H. Van Steenbergh, H. W. Bookstaver, L. L. Kellogg, C. A. Runk, J. W. Searing, and F. Deshler.

Lost His Practice Through Brink, Dr. Frederick Pettigrew of Jersey City, formerly a respected physician with a lucrative practice, was sent to the almshouse at Snake Hill yesterday. He lost his practice through drink, and his property dwindled away to nothing. His wife and daughter, 14 years old, have been living in abject poverty, but the daughter has just got a situation, which will buy bread, while Mrs. Pettigrew is looking for one. Dr. Pettigrew is 73 years old.

Bustness Rotices.

Mrs. Winslow's Southing Syrup

Mrs. Winslow's Southing Syrup

Will TESTI basheet used for ever FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTIUES FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEFTH-ING SHE PERPECT SUCCESS IT SOUTHES the CHILD SOFTENS THE SUM SALLAYS ALL PAIS, CHIES WIND COLLE, and is the HEST REMEDY FOR DIARRIBEA. Soil by DRUGGEST's in every part of the world. TWENTY-FUYE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Not moral but physical benefit is obtained by

A Luxury for Tourists.

Harry's Tricopherous has miraculous effect in the scalp, causing the hair to grow thick and soft. DIED.

DATER .- On Sunday, Jan. 29, suddenly, of pneumo nia, William Roberts Dater, second son of Adda H

and the late J. Henry Dater, aged 28 years.

Funeral services from his late residence, 307 Adelphi st., Brooklyn on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 31, at 5 o'clock. Interment at Oakwood Cemetery, Troy, N V Kindly omit flowers FINITEH .- At his home, in Red Bank, N. J., Joseph

C. Fisher. Notice of funeral hereafter. FORD, -On Jan 28, 1893, at the residence of his son-in-law, C. F. Weed, Etjah M. Ford, formerly of Syra-

cuse, N. Y. aged 74 Funeral service at 207 McDenough st., Brooklyn, Thesday morning, at 10:30 o'clock. Interment at Onkwood, Syracuse, New York. AINE,—On Saturday, Jan. 28, Delia A. Dempsey,

belaved wife of Joseph Laine, aged 26 Relatives and friends are invited to attend the func-fal from her late residence. Lawrence at and 10th av , and thence to the Church of the Annunciation, a here a solemn high mass will be offered at 10 A M., on Tuesday, Jan 53.
MacBEIDE,—in Jan, 25, of pneumons, Picrence

Ford MacBride, daughter of Robert H. and Nina S. MacBride, aged 3 years at 4 1 month.
Funeral services at residence, 283 West 71st at., Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock. Interment at Prairie McWILLIAMS,-On Sunday, Jan. 29, near Milton,

Pa., Mrs. Rebecca McWilliams, mother of Mrs. Frank K. Hain of New York city, accd 90 years. POLIANCE, Mrs. Annie Poliork will be buried from her late residence, Alexandria flats, 51st at, and 6th av., at 10 A. M. Wednesday, Feb. L. High requiem mays at St. Patrich's Cathedral at 10:30

RUMSELL.-On Jan. 26, at his late residence, 55 RUMSELL.—On Jan. 20, at his late residence, 55
East 68th st. Henry E Bussell, in the 76th year of
like age.

Funeral services at his late residence Tunsday, Jan.
31, at 10 october A. M. Interment at Woodlawn.

SHA R2.—A. Word on the L. Mre Sharp, horn Aug.
1, 1010, and Jan. 50, 1500, in her 74th year.

Funeral Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 2 P. M.

SMITH,—At Cos Cob, Conn., Jan. 29, 1893, Aphelia P.

Smith, which of theorem J. Emitte.

Smith, wislow of shorge J. Smith. from the residence of Henry V. Feck, at 2 P M. Carriages with meet the 12:00 train from New York. WALL. Hickord & Wall, brother of Rev. Dr. Francis

Funeral from Holy Cross Church, East Broadway and Rogers av., Flatbush, Wednesday, 10 A. M.

Special Rotices.

A CHECK FOR \$10,000. Purporting to be drawn by the Royal Insurance Com-pany and certified is claimed to be a forcery. All per-sons are warned not to negotiale the same. C. V. BANTA, Cashior. BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL DER.
Gores Cramps, Colic, Colds, and all pains. 25s. a bottle. SUPERPLUOUS HAIR, moles &c., perma-sently destroyed by electricity. Sealed circulars. HELES PARSIESON, Specialist, 50 West 224 st.



ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken ; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in

its action and truly beneficial in its

effects, prepared only from the most

healthy and agreeable substances, its

many excellent qualities commend it

to all and have made it the most

popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. L.

PRAYED IN FAITH AND WAS CURED, deweller Olsen of Bridgeport Micaculously

Recovers 1114 Sight, BRIDGEPORT, Jan. 30.-1 ast evening at the Water street mission rooms publice meeting Nells Olsen, a thriving jeweller, doing busi-

Nells Olsen, a thriving jeweller, doing business at 138 Fairfield avenue, arose and said that in answer to long and continuous prayer the Lord bad fully restored his eyesight. To prove his words tolsen took up a Bible printed in fine type and read a chanter without glasses and with no difficulty.

Mr. Olsen is about 50 years old, and for many years has not been able to read or do incovers a trib been able to read or do incovers this bench without he aid of strong lenses. He felt his vision gradually becoming weaker, and being one who nellowes that the Lard constitues performs intraces in the present day he prayed for better eyesigne, with felts that relief would surely come. Until Saturday night there was no change, but yesterday merning when he aw ke overything about him was revealed with beautiful coarross. When he took up a hymnal and cented it the intillier verses shone out distinctly.

about him was revealed with benefited coar-ness. When he took up a hymnol and ocened it the familiar verses shone out distinctly, and he knew that the wonderful cure had been effected.

Mr. (discussing he has paid little attention to the faith cures that have taken place in the last few years, but was induced by reading his lible to believe that in his own case he might find relief if he prayed carnestly and had suf-dicint halth. Although the cure came sud-denly, it was not unexpected.

Hew Bublications.

North American ROVICW FEBRUARY,

HOW TO REVISE THE TARIFF. & Hon. WILLIAM M. SPRINGER. Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee,

Recollections of the Panama Canal Con-By RHAR-ADMIRAL AMMEN, U. S. N. Changes in the Church of England.
By the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.
Criminal Law in France,
By MADAME ADAM.

BOONS AND BANES OF FREE COINAGE. 1. "IN THE INTEREST OF SHYLOCK," By the Hon. R. P. Bland, Chairman of the Committee on Coinage, II. A WARNING TO SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITORS.

By John Harsen Rhoades, Fresident of the Greenwich Savings Bank, New York. III. A DEPOSITOR'S POINT OF VIEW. By a Depositor in a Daving Control of the Management of the Parker of the Management By a Depositor in a Savings Bank

EUROPE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.
I. THE BRITISH SECTION,

By Sir Henry Trueman Wood. Secretary to the British Commission. 11. THE FRENCH SECTION, By Theodore Stanton Commissioner Resident in Paris. Commitsioner Seriden: in Paris.

Needed Reforms in the Army.
By Gen. John Gindon. U. S. A.

Why Immigration Should Not Be Suspended.
By Cenator H. C. Hanserough.

The Hope of a Home.
By Enastus Wiman.

Mistakes—But Not of Mass.
By Charles W. Teickett.

Science and the Woman's Cuestion.
By Lybia Lyoyna Pi'm noff.

From Reman's Point of View.
By Arthus Repti Kimball.

The American Common Schools.
By Ry James M. King.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. 3 EAST 14TH ST.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. 3 EAST 14TH ST.

HOW NATURE CURES By EMMET DENSMORE, M.D. Published by SWAN SONNENSCHIEN & CO., Paternoster

Square, London. A work of 415 pages, clear type, fine paper,

well bound in cloth; price, \$3.00. "How Nature Cures" scientifically demonstrates that bread, cereals, and all starch foods are unnatural and unwholesome. Scientists and laymon clike will find it worth their while critically to examine

this evidence. Dr. Densmore, although a graduate of one of the oldest of old school medical colleges, is resolutely opposed to drastic drugs and mineral medicines; and enthudastically in favorof overcoming disease by diet and obedience to b)g enic laws. The saturday Review (London. Sept. 20, 1860) editorially states: "Dr. Densmore is one of the most open-minded men we have ever met in print." Dr. Densmore is well known in England as the founder of the Natural Food Society, and of its organ, the NATURAL FOOD magazine; and he has brought consternation into the ranks of the vegetarians by the new lights he has brought

to bear upon their favorite foods. A pamphlet of 72 pages, with paper cover. containing preface, table of contents, and some of the more important chapters in the book, is published simultaneously at 25c., and is an invaluable hand book. Lither of these may be purchased at newsstands, or ordered through any bookseller, or will be sent post free on re-

ceipt of price. Address STILLMAN & CO., 1.398 Broadway, N. Y. 250,000 COPIES OF RIDPATR'S LIFE OF After his death.
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